Enter Warwicke and Oxford with Soldiors.

War. Truſt me my Lords, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers ſwarme to vs,
But ſee where *Somerſet* and *Clarence* comes,
Speake ſuddenly my Lords, are we all friends?

Cla. Feare not that my Lord.

War. Then gentle *Clarence*, welcome vnto *Warwicke*,
And welcome *Somerſet*, I hold it cowardiſe,
To reſt miſtruſtfull, where a noble heart
Hath pawnd an open hand in ſigne of loue,
Elſe might I thinke that *Clarence*, *Edwards* brother,
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings,
But welcome ſweet *Clarence*, my daughter ſhall be thine.
And now what reſts but in nights couerture,
Thy brother being carleſly encampt,
His ſoldiors lurking in the towne about,
And but attended by a ſimple guard,
We may ſurprize and take him at our pleaſure,
Our ſcouts haue found the aduenture very eaſie,
Then cry king *Henry* with reſolued mindes,
And breake we preſently into his Tent.

Cla. Why then lets on our way in ſilent ſort,
For *Warwicke* and his friends, God and S. George.

War. This is his tent, and ſee where his guard doth ſtand,
Courage my ſouldiers, now or neuer,
But follow me now, and *Edward* ſhall be ours.

All. A *Warwicke*, a *Warwicke*.

Alarmes, and Gloſter and Haſtings flies.

Oxf. Who goes there?

War. *Richard* and *Haſtings*, let them go, heere is the Duke.

Edw. The Duke, why *Warwicke* when we parted
Laſt, thou calledſt me King.

War. I, but the caſe is altred now.
When you diſgrac'ſt me in my Embaſſage,
Then I diſgrac'ſt you from being King,

And

And now am come to create you Duke of *Yorke*,
Alaſſe, how ſhould you gouerne any kingdome,
That knowes not how to vſe Embaſſadors,
Nor how to vſe your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to ſhroud your ſelfe from enemies.

Edw. Well *Warwicke*, let fortune do her worſt,
Edward in minde will beare himſelfe a King.

War. Then for his minde, be *Edward* Englands Ki
But *Henry* now ſhall weare the Engliſh Crowne.
Go conuay him to our brother Archbiſhop of *Yor*
And when I haue fought with *Penbroke* and his foll
Ile come and tell thee what the Lady *Bona* ſaies,
And ſo for a while farwell good Duke of *Yorke*.

Exit ſome with Edwa

Cla. What followes now? all hitherto goes well,
But we muſt diſpatch ſome letters into France,
To tell the Queene of our happy fortune,
And bid her come with ſpeed to ioyne with vs.

War. I that's the firſt thing that we haue to do,
And free King *Henry* from impriſonment,
And ſee him ſeated in his Regall Throne.
Come lets haſte away, and hauing paſt theſe cares,
Ile poſte to *Yorke*, and ſee how *Edward* fares.

Enter Gloſter, Haſtings, and Sir William Stanley

Glo. Lord *Haſtings*, and Sir *William Stanly*,
Know that the cauſe I ſent for you is this,
I looke my brother with a ſlender traine,
Should come a hunting in this Forreſt heere.
The Biſhop of *Yorke* befriends him much,
And lets him vſe his pleaſure in the chaſe,
Now I haue priuily ſent him word,
How I am come with you to reſcue him,
and ſee where the huntſman and he doth come.

Enter Edward and a Huntſman.

Hunt. This way my Lord the Deere is gone.